

A REFUGE FOR WANDERERS.

The Noble Work Done by the Richmond Industrial Home.

AN ELEMOSYNARY INSTITUTION.

While Harboring the Distressed, Its inmates are Permitted to Pay Their Board by Their Labor—Preserve Self-Respect.

An institution which is doing a noble work, and which has not recently been brought to the attention of the public, is the Richmond Industrial Home. It is located in the building formerly occupied by the Pined Hospital, at 1700 west Broad street, and received its charter on June 14, 1894. The gentlemen who fostered and promoted the scheme for its inception were Messrs. Wm. H. Cullingsworth, J. J. Crutcher, James Lyons, Charles M. Willis, J. B. Montgomery, and Dr. Lee W. Staton. Dr. W. W. Parker came in just after the charter was secured.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

The present officers and directors of the Home are: President, James Lyons; Vice-President, John P. Mayer; Secretary, C. H. Smith; Treasurer, C. S. Morton. Directors: Messrs. R. R. Wellford, J. J. H. Shepherd, Julius A. Holston, P. H. Nugent, D. S. Morrison, Charles P. Winston, F. B. Robertson, G. B. Cannon, Chas. W. Staton, R. B. Smith, Julius Strawn, J. M. East, Thomas Atkinson.

The Home was started with Mr. Blood in charge, but the directors finding it necessary to make a change in the management, Captain T. W. Staton, formerly of the 1st Virginia Infantry, took charge in November last.

Captain Lindsay is a native of Virginia, having been born in Prince Edward county in 1824. His grandfather represented



THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.
(From a Photograph by D. van den Burg, with Campbell & Co.)

that office in the House of Burgesses from 1816 to 1829. Captain Lindsay is also descended on the maternal side from William Abbott, the well-known Revolutionary soldier, who fought gallantly in the battles of the Cowpens and Guilford Courthouse, being severely wounded in the former, and was with Washington at Valley Forge. Captain Lindsay's father was a veteran of the war of 1812.

When the war between the States broke out, Captain Lindsay was in North Carolina. He immediately joined Colonel Ransom's brigade as a volunteer. He quickly rose to the rank of first lieutenant, and received a captain's commission just at the close of the war.

Captain Lindsay has been a member of the church in good standing for nearly forty years, is a Mason, and has been a Odd-Fellow. He has the best of the social manners of the ante-bellum Virginia.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOME.

The Industrial Home is situated in the midst of a grove of beautiful trees. The building, which is the property of Dr. Hunter McGuire, is large and roomy, and the rear of it is a spacious garden, which, under the constant care of Captain Lindsay, is planted with almost every kind of vegetable, and is as neat and free from weeds as any unfertilized garden in the city. Inside the house, too, the same system of neatness prevails, and from parrot to cellar there is scarce a speck of dust.

The object of the Home is plainly stated in its charter, and the idea is to take an unfortunate man in, give him a bed for what work he is able to do, and let him have an opportunity to get upon his feet and find employment.

Dr. Morton, the Treasurer, says that the management of the Home has a system of issuing tickets to deserving men, good for twenty-four hours' food and lodging, the person receiving such ticket agreeing to do whatever work is assigned him in return for his board. Dr. Morton said that many deserving people were helped in this manner, and that many of the poorest of the city had recently been cured for their.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

During the past year the Industrial Home has accommodated 200 persons who were out of money and looking for employment, and the good that has been done in a modest, quiet way, can scarcely be estimated. The superintendent tries to make every one feel that he is "a man for a' that," and while at the



CAPT. T. W. STATON.
(Superintendent Richmond Industrial Home.)

Home, his work, which is firmly required, places him above a mendicant position, and makes him feel that he at least earns his living until he can find something better to do.

A large number of old soldiers, who could not be accommodated at the soldiers' Home, have availed themselves of this retreat, where they find in Captain Lindsay a friend and fellow-soldier, who fully sympathizes with them in their distress. No crutches or swivels are allowed at the institution, and strict obedience to the rules of the Home are required of all inmates, under penalty of expulsion.

POSITIONS FURNISHED.

In the short time that the Home has been in existence more than seventy-five men have been secured positions, and started them afresh in life, and reports received at the Home say that all of them are doing well.

At their various indicate, the directors and officers are a representative body of citizens, and they deserve the thanks and cordial support, not only of the people of Richmond, but of the citizens of at least ten States and of Virginia, for caring for their homeless wanderers.

Various schemes have been devised to furnish employment to the inmates that would bring in money for the support of the Home, and during the past few months the work industry is carried on with considerable profit. Cord wood is bought, sawed in stove-lengths, split up fine, and put away in houses to season

well. The last little wagon, bearing the words "Richmond Industrial Home," is familiar to Richmond people as it is driven along the streets soliciting orders for wood, and the sum received, 2.00 for wood, and the sum received, 2.00 for wood, amounted to quite a considerable sum.

But the Home now needs aid, for it has been only a short time since the state appropriated \$250 annually for its support, and before the amount was realized the rent, which was at first \$600 a year, had accumulated beyond the power of the Home to meet, and it is considered somewhat better off than it was when the Home was first organized. The owner of the buildings it occupies, for he has voluntarily reduced the rent to \$600, and the time of payment is left to the pleasure of the Home.

IT IS DIVINE.
No more noble and utterly unselfish charity has ever been started in this city, and a small sum will put the institution on its feet, and make it self-sustaining. Not only should the citizens contribute liberally to the support of the Home, but the Home whatever supplies it may have to offer for sale, resting assured that the price will be as reasonable and the quality as good as can be obtained elsewhere.

LUCK OF BEINGS LIVING ON MARS.

They Can Do More Work Much Easier Than Man on Earth.

To talk of Martian beings is not to mean Martian men, but the probability point to the one, so do they point to the other. Even on this earth man is of the nature of an accident. He is the survival of the fittest, the highest physical organism. He is not even a physical organism. Mind has been his form. For aught we can see, some lizard or batrachian might just as well have popped into his place in the race and been now the dominant physical creature. This earth would have been certain to do so. Amid the physical surroundings that exist on Mars, we may be practically sure other organisms have been evolved which would strike us as exotically grotesque. What manner of beings they may be we have no data to conceive.

How diverse, however, they doubtless are from man, and from such definite definition as we are able to make from the physical differences between Mars and our earth. For example, the mere difference of gravity on the surface of the two planets is much more far-reaching in its effects than might at first be thought. Gravity on the surface of Mars is only a little more than one-third what it is on the surface of the earth. This would work in four ways to the detriment of the existence of those to which we are accustomed. To begin with, three times as much work, as for example, in digging a canal, could be done by the same expenditure of muscular force. If we were transported to Mars we should be pleasantly surprised to find all our manual labor suddenly lightened threefold. But indirectly, this might result in a greater and more serious disadvantage, if, as nature chose, she could afford there to build her inhabitants on three times the scale she does on earth without their ever finding it out except by interplanetary comparisons. A man who is a very large man is much more unwieldy than a very small one. An elephant refuses to hop like a flea; nor does he consider it "unfashionable" to do so, but simply because he cannot take the step. If we could, we should all jump straight across the street, instead of painfully padding through the mud. Our inability to do so depends partly on the size of the earth and partly on the size of our own bodies. It is not at all on what it is first seems entirely to depend on the size of the star.

To see this, let us consider the very simplest case, that of standing erect. To this end, the body must be able to support its own weight, a thing of three dimensions, height, breadth and thickness, while the ability to accomplish it rests in the cross-section of the muscles of the knee, a thing of only two dimensions—breadth and thickness. Consequently, a person half as large again as another has about twice the supporting capacity. If that other is but about three times as much to support. Standing, therefore, twice him out more quickly. If his size were to go on increasing, he would at last reach a stature at which he would no longer be able to stand at all, but would have to lie down. You shall see the same effect in quite innumerable objects. Take two cylinders of paraffine wax, one made into an ordinary candle, the other into a tapers, fac-simile of one, and then stand both upon their bases. To the small one nothing happens. The big one, however, begins to settle; the base actually made of the pressure of the weight above.

Now apply this principle to a possible inhabitant of Mars, and suppose him to be constructed three times as large as a man, being in every dimension. If he were on earth he would weigh twenty-seven times as much as the human being, but on the surface of Mars, since gravity there is only about one-third of what it is on earth, he would weigh but nine times as much. The cross-section of his muscles would be nine times as great. Therefore, the ratio of his supporting power to the weight he must support would be the same as ours. Consequently, he would be able to stand with no more fatigue than we experience. Now, consider the work he might be able to do. His muscles, having length, breadth and thickness, would all be increased three times as effective as ours. He would prove twenty-seven times as strong as we, and could accomplish twenty-seven times as much. But he would not work upon what we require, owing to the difference of gravity, but one-third the effort to overcome. His effective force, therefore, would be eighty-one times as great as man's whether in digging canals or in other bodily exertion. As gravity on the surface of Mars is really a little more than one-third that at the surface of the earth, the true ratio is not eighty-one, but about fifty. That is, a Martian would be, physically, fiftyfold more efficient than a man—Perceval Lowell in Atlanta Monthly.

The Watch a Perfect Compass.

Very few people are aware of the fact that every well-regulated chronometer is at the same time a reliable compass. If a man turns his watch lying flat upon his hand, so that the hour-hand will point to the sun, the geographical south will be in the exact center between the point of the hour-hand and the figure twelve upon the dial of the watch. For instance, if at six o'clock in the morning the hour-hand is pointed toward the sun, then in the east, the south must be looked for in the direction of the figure nine, which is half way between six and twelve. At ten o'clock the south will be found in the direction of figure eleven, etc.—Ex.

"I Love You, Dear."

She looked at him with quick surprise. She looked at him with tear-brimmed eyes. Her tight-closed hand no motion shaped. No word her curling lips escaped. His eyes were bright, his voice was clear. He only said: "I love you, dear!" Her eyes were deep with anger's hue. They softened into tender blue. The haughty curve her lip forsook; Her hand lay open on her bosom. Then as he spoke he drew me near, And said again: "I love you, dear!" Where sweet love dwells wrath cannot stay. Her smiles chased all the tears away. She looked at him, "Ah, do not fear. I, too, can say, 'I love you, dear!'" His smile replied, "Our hearts are near." His words were still "I love you, dear!" Ah! when the fire of anger burns, And all life's sweet to bitter turns, When eyes are flashing, lips close set, Prepared to storm and to regret, Then happy we if Greatheart near. Have strength to say: "I love you, dear!" —Exchange.

Mrs. Harlan—Pay this bill for those china cups that came this morning, on your way down to-day, dear. Mrs. Harlan—It seems to me that what we need in this house is a cup of tender.

THE NEW COLORED ARMORY.

The Handsome Structure Will Be Finished Within Ten Days.

IT IS A MOST CREDITABLE BUILDING.

It is Large, Roomy, and Substantially Built, and Beautifies the Section of the City in Which It is Located—It Will Cost About \$8,900.

The armory for the use of the colored troops, of the First Battalion, Virginia Volunteers, Infantry, which has been in course of construction for some time past, will be completed within the next ten days, and turned over to the colored military with appropriate ceremonies. The building stands at the corner of St. Peter and Leigh streets. It has a front on Leigh street of sixty-eight feet, and a depth on St. Peter street of sixty-seven feet. It is two stories in height, each story having a pitch of fourteen feet. On the first floor there are four large rooms, twenty-three by twenty-five feet in size each, and on the second floor there are two rooms of the same dimensions, and



THE NEW COLORED ARMORY.
(From a Photograph by D. van den Burg, with Campbell & Co.)

four rooms twelve by thirteen feet each. Below is a large cellar for the furnace and the storage of coal. Eighteen feet below the ground level, the building is divided into two parts, the first and second floors. The armory is faced with paving-bricks laid in white mortar. The water-tight is of granite, and the belt-course hands and cotta.

COST OF THE BUILDING.

The armory, when completed, will cost about \$8,900. It has been erected under the able supervision of Mr. James Fox, who is the general contractor. The plans were drawn by Colonel Cuthaw, the City Engineer, and he has constantly overlooked the work.

The purpose for which the building was erected is to furnish company-rooms and officers' quarters. There is no drill-room, but it is the intention of the city to erect a large drill-shed over the space at present reserved for the rear yard. That part of the city is much beautified by this building, and with its large granite and terra-cotta trimmings, it is a work for the city to be proud of.

While the armory is constructed with a view to solidity and durability, yet a good deal of attention is paid to beauty. The exterior is finished with terra-cotta and granite. The towers do much to set off its appearance, and the red terra-cotta used in the bands and battlements lend a very pretty effect.

There has long been need for this armory for the colored troops, and they express much delight at the approach of the work to completion. While the devotion to their battalion of those of the colored race enlisted in the volunteer army is very great, yet it is doubtless much strengthened now that they will have a neat and handsome place to store their arms and uniforms, and they will take great pride in keeping their accommodations in first-class order.

THE COLORED TROOPS.

The new armory will be under the care of John J. E. Johnson, who commands the First Battalion of colored troops. There are in this battalion five companies, numbering in all about 200 men. The Adjutant-General speaks in the highest terms of their discipline and proficiency in drill, and ranks them among the best troops in the State.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's Magnificent Home.

A telegram to the New York Herald from Newport, Wednesday night, says: Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt gave the most beautiful ball ever seen in Newport. Her daughter, Miss Constance Vanderbilt, who is named after Constance, Duchess of Manchester, Marble House lends it to the purposes of such a fête. It was the crowning work of the late Richard M. Hunt, and was built in the purely Louis XIV style.

Mrs. Hunt made several visits abroad while preparing his plans, and Mrs. Vanderbilt has for many years been collecting furniture and works of art. Of the Louis XIV period with which to complete the architect's work. Some of the rooms and a great deal of the bronze and ornamental work are exact duplicates of Versailles, especially the salons, having been obtained from the French government to reproduce them.

In giving the ball this evening Mrs. Vanderbilt faithfully carried out, so far as modern times and requirements permitted, the period which her beautiful home retrospects.

It was the first time since it was finished that the house has been thrown open to general society, and to many of the guests this evening the treasures of art which were to be seen on all sides quite transcended the fact that they were being



Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

entertained as lavishly as lavish King Louis XIV himself could have done.

Once inside the towering gates of Marble House, themselves a work of art, a scene of loveliness was presented. The grounds were illuminated by thousands of tiny groups of quivering lights, just as they used to be in Versailles when Louis strode across the broad terrace of Versailles with his court. Upon reaching the portico entrance was immediately between rows of powdered footmen into the august hall illumined in yellow, with Egyptian marbles at the broad staircase winding to the left.

The ceiling of the hall is a series of charming frescoes framed in heavy gilt moldings. Two golden tapestries representing the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the assassination of Congny hang on either side of the great door to the grand salon. This splendid apartment is almost an exact copy of a room in the palace of Versailles, with long French windows, between which are panels of dark wood carved and gilded. The frescoes on the ceiling represent Night and Morning.

The mantel is of marble and bronze. A speaking portrait of Miss Vanderbilt, by Carous Duran, hangs here. Leading from the salon toward the sea and completing the right wing of the house is the dining room, another magnificent apartment, finished in old oak and filled with a fine collection of Louis XIV furniture and fifteenth-century treasures.

The windows in the dining-room are all of stained glass, which were lighted from without show their exquisite workmanship. To the left of the hall is the dining-room, done in red Numidian marble and dark pink, the bronze and gilt ornamentation having been cast in Paris. The room is a famous room in Versailles. The main floral decorations inside the house were in the hall, where there is a bronze fountain surmounted with a large mirror. That spot was made to look especially cool and inviting by water plants in full bloom and tall lotus flowers which stood up about a score of pink and white myrtle blossoms, lilacs and a mass of water hyacinths, through which shone the electric little globe of light with which the grounds were illuminated, while above swarmed flocks of humming birds.

On the terrace, where supper was served, were elaborate decorations, consisting of strings of garlands radiating from the three central points on the ceiling, which were defined by three large prisms of bright, yellow flowers. Eight large windows which led from the terrace into the house were also framed with bright garlands and flowers, palms, ferns and orchids; plants in flower filled in the corners, each of the supper tables being decorated with a wreath of pink hollyhocks, tied with pink ribbons to the corners. The terrace in the grand salon, attired in a superb costume of white satin, with court train, and wonderful diamonds, and looked as if she might have stepped out of one of the court pictures in Versailles. Her daughter, Miss Constance, becomingly arrayed in white satin and tulle, stood beside her.

The groom of the chambers announced each guest by name. Mrs. William Jay and the Duke of Marlborough, who are guests at Marble House, stood near by, the Duke especially interested in the pretty women who filled into the room, which is so large that nearly every one stopped there after paying their respects to the hostess, and the scene was thus made brilliant from the start.

At 12 o'clock a first collation was served on the terrace. A rich champagne menu in French was at the disposal of each guest. During supper the band from the naval training station played on the lawn. Immediately after supper Mr. Richard T. Wilson, Jr., carried the collation to Miss Constance Vanderbilt, Mully's Orchestra and the Hungarian Band now took up the strains of music. In the collation Mrs. Vanderbilt again showed her taste and desire to carry out the idea of Louis XIV.

The favors, which she had selected herself in Paris, consisted of old French etchings, fans, mirrors, watches and sachets of ribbons, all of the Louis XIV period, and an element of fun was introduced by lanterns in fac-simile of Marble House and bagpipes, which would really squeak and make awful noise. Each favor was marked with a medallion representing Marble House.

Grace Greenwood's Hobby.

E. V. Smalley writes to the Chicago Times-Herald as follows: "Grace Greenwood, who was famous as a story and sketch writer as long ago as I can remember, is spending the summer with a niece at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. She must be 70 by this time, but she still keeps up her literary work, and is a very original and interesting character. She firmly believes that cats and dogs see spirits. She says that in the old paintings of the 'Nativity' St. Anna's dog is always shown with an expression on his canine countenance that plainly indicates that he sees the group of angels in the air, whereas the people in the picture are evidently wholly unaware of any such supernatural presence. We all know how dogs howl about a house in which some one is dying, but I never before heard the theory extended to cats. Grace Greenwood has a favorite old tabby which she is sure possesses the gift of clairvoyant vision. She expressed this cat lately to a friend in Washington in order to have it well taken care of during her summer ramble."

Train Derailed by a Buzzard.

As the mail train on the Seneca and Atlantic Division, the Louisville and Nashville railway was bowling along between Bonifay and Caryville, Fla., Thursday night, some heavy object struck the headlight, smashing the glass and knocking the buzzer off the lamp. The oil caught fire, and in any instant the front of the engine was in flames. The engineer was alarmed and reversed the lever so suddenly that the cars jumped together with great force, forcing several passengers and derailling the engine. By hard work the flames were extinguished, and then the engine was examined. It was found that a buzzard had struck the headlight and caused the trouble. The bird was found wedged in the headlight, with its feathers burned off, and thoroughly cooked. The accident cost the railroad several hundred dollars and traffic was delayed for five hours—Philadelphia Times.

GREATLY NEEDED.

Mr. Edwin S. Woodall.

Edwin Staton Woodall, the genial and competent secretary of the Richmond club, is just twenty-three years of age. He was born in Altoona, Penn., and re-

moved to Manchester when he was twelve years of age. Mr. Woodall last year officially took the duties of Secretary of the League, and at its reorganization this year he was again re-elected to the same position, but resigned it about five months ago owing to the

objections made by several clubs to his mode of handling the umpires. Mr. Woodall has the interest of the league at heart, and whatever he has done has been for its welfare. He very properly resigned his position rather than submit to being the innocent target of groundless insinuations.

JAPANESE DETECTIVES.

They are Such Shrewd Fellows They Might Find Gold Brick Parker.

The detective service of Japan is admirable, and is inherited from the days of the despotism, when it was necessary for the Shogun to know everything that was going on among his subjects. There are two distinct detective agencies under the government, one being connected with the ordinary police force, and the other being political, under the Department of the Interior.

The latter showed its efficiency during the late war, for the Japanese knew more about the Chinese than the Chinese themselves, and the condition of the navy than the Chinese themselves. The agents of the Interior Department were not only in the hands of the government, but a mass of valuable information was received at headquarters from volunteer spies and from persons who had visited China recently and knew the latest news of the country.

The Intelligence Department has so complete a system that it claims to be aware of everything that is going on in the empire, and I presume that is true, particularly in politics. The criminal department of the police is equally industrious and efficient. In the first place every citizen—man, woman, and child—in Japan is registered at Police Headquarters, with his residence, his occupation, and even the wages he receives, if he is a workman or an employee. Whenever he changes his abode, his occupation, or his place of employment, he is required to notify the registrar, and his name is made upon the books. Every citizen is required to report the arrival and departure of his guests as promptly as possible, with the places they came from, the train they took, and their destination, therefore it is easy for the police to ascertain the whereabouts of any person at any time and they have a good start when they are inquiring into a case.

Not long since, for instance, the Miller, official interpreter of the United States Legation in Tokyo, failed to receive a letter which was sent him from a neighboring city with a draft enclosed, and he called the police. The detective assigned to the case began by ascertaining the day and hour when the letter was posted, from which he could easily calculate the exact time of its arrival in Tokyo. By reference to the register at the district in which the letter was posted, he found that there were two persons named Miller in the city, although their initials were different and they lived far apart. The postman who served the district in which the letter was posted, and within forty days of the time the letter was sent, was questioned, and one of them remembered delivering a letter to the house of the wrong Miller on the date named. Several members of the family recalled that such a letter that did not belong to them had been received, and one of the servants reported that she had handed it to a peddler, who had agreed to put it in the nearest post box and save her the trouble of sending it. The peddler was identified by the servant. His premises were searched and the money was discovered concealed under the matting of the floor. He had forged an endorsement and sent the draft sealed by a merchant, who had sent it to his bank for collection in the regular course of business. These facts were all ascertained, and the thief was sentenced to four years' imprisonment within a week after Mr. Miller made this complaint to the police.

Mr. James R. Morse, of Yokohama, happened to be spending the night with his friend, Mr. Denison, in Tokyo, when a sneak thief entered the house and stole his pocket-book, containing \$20 and a number of valuable papers. The matter was reported to the police in the morning, with a description of the purse and contents, and within forty days of the time the papers were recovered and the thief had begun a term of six years' imprisonment at Ishikawa, the national penitentiary.

The process of his detection was very prompt and simple. The crime was reported at Police Headquarters at 3 o'clock in the morning. By 2 the theft and description of the property had been telegraphed to every prefect in the empire, and to all the suburban towns, and were known to every officer on duty. In a little village about ten miles from the center of Tokyo a man entered a tea house during the afternoon and showed a card upon which Mr. Morse's name was engraved. Tea houses in Japan correspond with saloons in the United States as resorts for loafers and the crooked classes and the police keep them under surveillance. The persons, as the waiter girls are called, coquette with the policemen and often aid them in the performance of their duty. So it was perfectly natural for the policeman on duty to tell the head of the story of the robbery, and it was equally so for this man to report to the policeman about Mr. Morse's card. The circumstance was suspicious enough to justify an arrest, and before night the thief was in the central station at Tokyo. He had the pocketbook and all the papers on his person, but had spent most of the money in a spree the night before and had been robbed of the remainder during a drunken stupor that followed.

I saw a good deal of the Japanese detective corps while Mr. Foster was in Japan. As he had been connected with the Chinese Government, and his face and name were so well known to the public through their frequent appearance in the illustrated papers, it was feared lest some fanatic or some might attack him, therefore the government, without consulting Mr. Foster, instructed the Police Department to keep him under constant surveillance while he was in Japan. All of the foreign legations are constantly watched by the police, and a detective with a pink ribbon is always on duty opposite them to follow members of the diplomatic corps wherever they go.

Mr. Foster was sometimes attended by detectives. The superintendent of Police at Kobe went with him as far as Kyoto, and the Kyoto Superintendent of Police as far as Nagoya as a mark of respect, and although he protested against these attentions, and assured the authorities repeatedly that he had not the slightest apprehension of danger, they replied that they held themselves responsible for his safety while in Japan, and must insist upon maintaining the best of his honor, and while he was in Tokyo and Yokohama Mr. Foster succeeded in eluding his shadows, much to their chagrin, but they very soon discovered that he had outwitted them, and ascertained his whereabouts in some remote place, which showed their efficiency. One night we slipped out of the hotel by the back door to call on a friend, and managed to reach his residence without being overtaken; but at the conclusion of the visit, as we were starting homeward, we found a half dozen detectives sitting coolly around the door. How they discovered our whereabouts is a mystery, for no one knew where we were going, and we left the hotel unobserved.—Chicago Record.

TWO CHILDREN IN CHAINS.

Handcuffed to Keep Them From Playing With Matches.

A little boy, his hands fastened together behind his back with a securely padlocked chain, crying piteously for somebody to relieve him from his sufferings, was found yesterday morning in the vicinity of Fifteenth street and Leigh avenue yesterday by Policeman White, of the Twenty-second-district station. The child's wrists were cut and bleeding, and the chain was grinding upon the raw flesh. To the policeman who found him in this strange plight, the little fellow said that his name was Harry Jacobs, that he was five years old, and that he lived at Fifteenth and Oak streets, where his father had a corner grocery store. In answer to the policeman's questioning, the child said that his father had fastened his hands together behind

THE LEAGUE OFFICERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE STATE BASE-BALL MAGNATES.

President Samuel E. Witt, Orner W. B. Bradley, Secretary J. C. Small and Secretary E. S. Woodall.

Judge Witt, who presides over the Hastings Court of Richmond, was chosen at the spring meeting of the Virginia State League as its President. Most efficiently he has executed his duties, although they have been merely nominal in nature. Judge Witt is an ardent supporter of the national pastime, and for a number of years he has been closely identified with every movement for the promotion of the good of base-ball.



JUDGE SAMUEL E. WITT.
(President Virginia State League.)

He is a married man, has a family, and is well advanced in life, but he still takes, as he has always done, a great interest in the game, and is a regular attendant at the West-End Park. His movements in the business affairs of the League, so far as he has been able, have been made with the most careful impartiality and with the best interest of the League at heart. Judge Witt is a genial rooster, and he appreciates a good play, whether made by the visiting or home team. He has made an excellent President.

JOHN C. SMALL.

Mr. Small, who on June 25th succeeded Mr. Woodall as Secretary of the Virginia State League, is a Northern man, being a native of Massachusetts. He is thirty years of age and married. He came to Richmond about five years ago and has since that time been closely identified in all athletic movements. He has been an ardent supporter of "base-ball," and especially of the Richmond club.

Since his election Mr. Small has most efficiently discharged the duties of his office. He is a man of great energy and is well known to the members of the League. He has been a member of the League since its organization, and has been a member of the Richmond club since its formation.

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objections made by several clubs to his mode of handling the umpires.

Mr. Woodall has the interest of the league at heart, and whatever he has done has been for its welfare. He very properly resigned his position rather than submit to being the innocent target of groundless insinuations.

JAPANESE DETECTIVES.